NEW BOOKS.

Continued from Seventh Page.

seas and an ingenuous autobiographic youth who tells the story. A simple-hearted squire to charter the ship and a villain to furnish him with a crew of cut-throats of the good old kind. There's mutiny and the unfurling of the jolly roger, a stockade on the island and a parley with the mutineers. Even the parrot is on hand with the other properties. Also, for good measure, Mr. McCarthy adds a charming girl who dons doublet and hose and joins the party. The story is well enough put together in its way and has no lack of incident. Those who do not mind its obvious artificiality may find it interesting.

Brewster's Golden Task.

Great doings in the story called "Brewster's Millions," by Richard Greaves (Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago). Here is a hero who was called upon to spend $1,000,000 in a single year. It promised to be hard work. He bet on a sure loser in a prize-fight and the sure loser won. He tried the stock market, a promising field, it would be thought, for one in his case, and made $63,000 over night. Even when he was robbed by highwaymen they overlooked a large sum of money in his overcoat pocket; he was obliged to draw their attention to it. At Monte Carlo he broke the bank. Wishing to lose money, he seemed to be pursued by the same irony of fate that has been observed to follow those who wish to make money.

The more creditable to him, doubtless, that he managed to get rid of the entire million within the time specified. Particularly happy was the idea of a yacht cruise in the Mediterranean. Here he got rid of thousands, with no great trouble; and it makes us shudder to remember that he almost lost Peggy. She was seized by an Arab sheik with whom she had been flirting. When Brewster and his bold sailors went to her rescue the sheik "clasped her in one of his long arms, and the other was lifted high above her. A gleaming knife was held in the upraised hand. 'Fire on us if you dare!' came in French from the tall Arab. 'Dog of an American, she shall die if you come near her!' "

Fortunately, there were good men behind the guns in Brewster's boat. The magnificent nerves of Conroy, the sharpshooter, never quivered as he took aim and fired. "The sharp crack of a gun sounded in the stern of Brewster's boat, and an unerring bullet sped straight for the big Arab's forehead. It crashed between his eyes and death must have been instantaneous. The knife flew from his hand, his body straightened and then collapsed, toppling over, not among his oarsmen, but across the gunwhale of the craft. Before a hand could be lifted to prevent, the dead Arab and the girl were plunged into the sea."

Of course they got Peggy out safely, and the expenses of the cruise went on as though nothing had happened. On Sept. 23, the day set, Brewster submitted to those concerned a schedule, fortified with receipts, showing that he had spent every penny of the million, and was a pauper. Thereupon, according to agreement, the much more important sum of seven million was handed over to him and the incident was closed.

An animated and unusual story with no moral that we can think of at this moment.

An Honest Becky Sharp.

An unusually good story will be found in "The Eternal Woman," by Dorothea Gerard (Brentano's). Here is a young woman, Clara Wood, left to make her own way in the world. A passage that she reads in "Vanity Fair" sets her thinking. "And oh, what a mercy it is," says Thackeray in that great history, "that these women do not exercise their powers oftener! We can't resist them, if they do. Let them show ever so little inclination, and men go down on their knees at once; old or ugly, it is all the same. And this I set down as a positive truth: A woman with fair opportunities and without a positive hump may marry whom she likes. Only let us be thankful that the darlings are like the beasts of the field, and don't know their own power. They would overwhelm us entirely if they did."

Here was Clara's cue. She herself was not beautiful, but she was nice looking. What is more to the purpose was that she had qualifications and powers, just as Becky Sharp had, which were far more provocative than any mere beauty. Could it be true, she asked herself, what Thackeray said? If it was true, why couldn't she get on something after the manner of Becky? Only she must keep peace with her conscience at the same time. And why not? It was true that cleverness and treachery often went together. "But need they? Was it necessary to be false because you had brains, or to be cunning because you were sharp-witted? Could you not be obliging without being deceitful? Might not a person move dexterously through life, making herself as useful and agreeable as circumstances (and her own conscience) permitted without becoming ignoble? Might not a woman use the advantages given her by her womanhood legally instead of illegally? In one word, was such a thing as an *honest* Becky absolutely unthinkable?"

Clara went forth, then, as an honest Becky, and her success is not to be doubted. We have chapters describing her first venture and her second venture and her third venture. She exercised her powers for a considerable time for the mere sake of practice; and very readily and very interestingly she proved the truth of Thackeray.

A cleverly written story, and one, it seems to us, for which the reader should be definitely thankful.

By the Author of "The Simple Life."

There is much reassuring and interesting philosophy in "The Better Way," translated from Charles Wagner's "L'Art" by Mary Louise Hendee (McClure, Phillips & Co.). There are many captions, and some of the essays are very brief indeed. Under the head of "Silence," for instance, we read: "Put thy finger on thy lip, suffer and be silent. Who art thou to speak before His dread and holy Majesty?—I am *His* child."

There is a wise and consoling counsellor called "The Friend." Here is one of the things he says: "Do not condemn yourself to bitter recollections. Why so honor the offence as to write it on the tablets of your memory? Is your heart so large that you can afford to give so much place to resentment? What a pity that the little man saves from the wreck of forgetfulness about consist first of all in the wrongs which have been done him! There are deeds that are unpardonable; people who merit neither excuse, nor good will, nor forbearance. Is this sufficient reason for remembering them forever? Let the injury fall to the ground and do not stoop to recover it. Stoop rather to pick the flower, however humble, that smiles up at you here in this valley."

There is a word about the critics, which includes encouragement for the aspirant. We read: "The critic asks: 'By what right do you do this?' How shall I answer him?' To this 'The Friend' replies: 'Do not distress yourself on his account. Perhaps there must be critics also. *'Es muss auch solche Kaüze geben,*' Goethe has said of another and a very malicious person. The critic is the policeman of thought, and could we get along without the police? I grant you that his hand is heavy, and his usual weapon a club. To his mind every free lance is a vagabond. He would put an injunction on inspiration itself, if its wings carried it beyond the regulations. But do not trouble yourself about the critic. If you find it convenient, answer him; but don't imagine that he will listen to you. Answer him thus: 'By what right do I do this? By the right of the blade of grass to become a torch under the rays of morning; by the right of the brook to murmur, of oaks to roar in the tempest, of the pebble to fall, and of the wing to soar upward.' If this does not content him, send him to ask the breeze for its papers, the hurricane for its passport."

At the close of an essay entitled "The Last Hour" we read: "Let us not give to the thought death the time that life demands. Lost days make a poor pillow for slumber."

There are essays on socialism and atheism among others. A book that should be welcomed and that will well repay the reader.

Mr. Crockett Can Write Romance.

Capt. Maurice Raith, secretary to the Duke of Marlborough, was impetuous and short-sighted when he called Frances Wellwood a foolish girl in Mr. S. R. Crockett's story of lofty romance, "Flower-o'-the-Corn" (McClure, Phillips & Co.) It was at that momentous time when "the allied troops lay on the green braeface just over the Castle of Crèvecœur." The Captain had found Frances wandering about and had warned her that the camp was dangerous. There were the new levies from Baden and the wild tribesmen from the edge of Styria among others. Thereupon she astonished him. "She slid her hand behind her, and lo! as in a conjuring trick there were a brace of pistols in her pretty little hands." She restored them to whatever place she had got them from, then "bent slightly, lifted her foot, seemed to touch her ankle, and a 'skean dhu glittered between her fingers."

With something of sarcasm she addressed herself to the solicitous Captain. "Will that do?" she inquired, smiling, "or must I produce a battery of artillery? Say the word, sir. I am a battalion of infantry, a squadron of cavalry and a park of artillery all in one." She was witty as well as beautiful. It seemed to him that she was laughing at him, and he did not like it. It was at this juncture and with some heat that he called her a foolish girl. She hailed a passing orderly who was leading a horse, mounted the animal with much ease and grace, arranged her skirts and said to Capt. Raith: "Good-by. Run away and see that the General's letters are prettily copied or you will be whipped. And never waste your time on silly girls. It is a habit that may grow on you!"

It is like a scene from one of Col. Gunter's great books. The Captain stamped his foot with rage. He could hear her silvery laughter as she rode away. She was the most beautiful girl that he had ever seen even in visions. Had he not called her that lovely name, Flower-o'-the-Corn, the instant he set eyes on her? She was indeed like a flower, the story says. "She had the dewy freshness, the lissome side sway, the dash of vivid color (which was her mouth) of some tall poppy or pomegranate flower seen under a bright sky. Yet there was nothing coquettish about Flower-o'-the-Corn—serene sweetness and simplicity rather, eminently virginal. She had eyes that varied from dark hazel to sapphire blue, and from azure back again to a mysterious sea violet, according to the sky that shone above them and the mood that moved behind them. But her mouth was her greatest beauty. Not at all a reposeful mouth, rather one constantly flitting from expression to expression, pleading, petulant, disdainful, forgiving, all in the compass of twenty seconds—a mouth, too, that disclosed witching glimpses of pearly teeth, white as milk, closely arrayed like some masterpiece of the jeweller's art."

A beautiful and busy mouth, full of effective pearls of speech as well as dental pearls; we have just seen the effect upon the Captain of its silvery laughter and its repartee. And what did Uncle Billy Marshall, the Scottish gypsy, say on page 274 as Maurice Raith and Flower-o'-the-Corn sat love making? "Maister Maurice," he said, "I hae bode wi' ye as lang as Bet and me can bide. This year I maun be back on the Rhone-house braes by the day of Keltonhill, and Bet maun gang wi' me. Mickle sorrow wad I hae to leave behind me you an' the bonny doo there at your richt hand. I saw your twa heids closer thegither as I cam' up the street—an' deed, what for no? I mind weel when me an' Bet—ow, aye, I'll gang on wi' my story richt aneoh. Wi' than, the short an' the lang o't is, that I hae bidden here as lang as I am gaun to bide. If ye winna let us gang, we wull juist hae to tak' the road wantin' your Honor's valued permission." So we have the sacred dialect along with all the rest. Truly Mr. Crockett gives with full hands.

It is proper that there should be moments of great suspense in a romantic novel. The reader will shiver to find Flower-o'-the-Corn and Jean Cavalier standing hand in hand before the altar and to hear the people speaking of her as a "pale bride." The story says: "Flower-o'-the-Corn was in white, without color, save for a couple of spots the size of a florin, which burned steadily one on either cheek, high up, where the heart's blood leaped under the fine firm skin. Her ripe-wheat hair, which had first given the girl her name, rippled and swirled, alternately like honey in the comb and gold red in the bar, as you may see them unloading it from Spanish galleons at the quays of Carthagena." Where was Maurice, who had once been so free with his offers to protect her from the dangers of the camp? And what are these whisperings on page 400 about Maurice having once kissed Yvette Foy? Alas for Yvette! here is what happened to her. She was dressed for a wedding:

"Suddenly, as Yvette looked, the white wall of the tent was slashed with a gleaming knife from top to bottom, and through the aperture by which the black night looked in—wild, fierce, tremendous, leaped the figure of a man. His long gray hair matted and dark fell beneath his shoulders. Madness looked out of his eyes. A glairy foam hung about his lips, which kept up an uncouth muttering." It was her father, Martin Foy. He had been mad for many pages. He smote with his knife. "Her breast, white and heaving under its lace and silk, received the madman's stroke fairly. The blood sprang and fell upon the frosted maple of her wedding garment, as scarlet as itself in the shrine of the altar candles. * * * There was very little stain upon the stuff of her dress. * * * With a hoarse roar the crowd closed in to tear the murderer to pieces, but with an infinitely fiercer brandishing of his knife and an exultant shout * * * he disappeared into the gash of blackness through which the stars peered in, familiar and distant and chill."

We consider that Mr. Crockett is one of the strongest romancers of the day. He writes gentle and lovely things, but he also makes the heart quake. Nor must we forget to thank him for the handsome specimens of dialect. Were we called upon to choose between dinner and the Scotch dialect we should give up dinner. We trust that Mr. Crockett will not think us fulsome when we say that we love him better than the cook. Having turned page 411 of "Flower-o'-the-Corn," and found that there is no page 412, we lay the book down sorrowfully. *Scheiden thut Weh.* It hurts to gang awa. But plainly we maun.

A Vindication of the South.

An unfair and offensive paragraph in the article on "American Literature," in the ninth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, drew from Mr. Thaddeus K. Oglesby, a dozen years ago, an impassioned vindication of the South. The paragraph, apparently, has disappeared from the encyclopædia, perhaps on account of Mr. Oglesby's attack, and in its place we find phrases that can only flatter Southern sensitiveness. His articles Mr. Oglesby now reprints, together with other pieces, as "Some Truths of History: A Vindication of the South" (The Byrd Printing Company, Atlanta). Mr. Oglesby might have taken a hint from Mr. Webster, and held that the South needed no encomium. In that case we should have lost his vigorous and eloquent exposition of the literary and other glories of the South and many facts which will be new and startling to Northerners.

The same vigorous, aggressive tone characterises Mr. Oglesby's other essays. In "The Lees of Virginia" he defends that family from the imputation that it was connected with Major-Gen. Charles Lee, a blunder that nobody nowadays, we should imagine, could dream of making. In "The Shackling of Jefferson Davis" he puts the responsibility for the act on Gen. Nelson A. Miles. In "Stephens vs. Roosevelt" he takes up hotly one of the President's careless, if picturesque, utterances. The articles on the Spanish-American War, on Alexander H. Stephens and on "Georgia and the Constitution" will excite the reader's admiration for the easy flow of rhetoric, and will probably meet with thorough acquiescence. Mr. Ogelsby's is an interesting manifestation of Southern spirit and eloquence.

President Eliot on Schools and Strikes.

President Eliot of Harvard University had occasion last fall to address within one week three separate conventions of New England schoolteachers. He seems to have given each a portion of a single address which now appears as "More Money for the Public Schools" (Doubleday, Page & Company). In speaking to the Connecticut teachers he was in a pessimistic mood, and pointed out the ways in which the public schools had failed to do what was expected of them. The next day he was in a more cheerful mood, and he told the New Hampshire teachers of all the good the public schools were doing. A few days later he ventured to tell the Rhode Island teachers what the public schools should do in the near future.

The call for "more money" can hardly be unexpected from the now venerable head of Harvard. He takes a rather gloomy view of the nation; the legislatures, and even Congress, are now viewed with less respect than when he was young; so are the courts of law, so is the Church. The only hope left for the masses is in the public schools, and for them all the money that can be obtained is needed. We wonder if the public schools, or even the universities are looked upon with as much respect now as they were when President Eliot was young. They are doubtless better in many ways, but is not the sentiment of respect the thing that has gone?

There were many other things besides the schools that President Eliot talked about to the teachers, and these are by no means the least interesting in his book. We will quote what he said to the men of Connecticut regarding strikes: "That labor strikes should occur more and more frequently and be more and more widespread has been another serious disappointment in regard to the outcome of popular education. The whole eastern half of the United States has been forcibly reminded this summer of the stupidity, wastefulness and ineffectiveness of strikes, considered as remedies for social or industrial wrongs. It should be observed, however, concerning this disappointment that it results in large measure from a difficulty which accounts for a good many troubles in the United States, namely, the difficulty of assimilating year after year large numbers of foreigners. The managers, leaders and promoters of strikes are frequently foreigners, or persons whose parents came to this country from Europe, and a large proportion of the men who engage in them are of foreign birth."

"The labor union is itself a secret organization which avoids responsibility before the law by refusing to be incorporated; and, as we have all seen lately, the strike is often resorted to for reasons not made public, or at least not made public till after the strike has taken place."

"To distrust publicity is to distrust the intelligence and ethical sense of the people, the only safe foundations for free institutions. It seems as if democratic schools ought to have brought forward in a hundred years generations of workmen and employers that would hold firmly in all their affairs to the fundamental moral ideas on which the republic rests; but this success popular education has not achieved."

"Verily, as Franklin said: 'Experience keeps a dear school; but fools will learn in no other, and scarce in that.' It is clear that American common schools have not succeeded in preventing that sort of fool from abounding."

In spite of a strain of Know-Nothingism and a naturally exaggerated opinion of what schools can do, President Eliot has never shown a lack of horse sense. He writes and talks good English, too, and though his sonorous voice cannot be heard in print, his talk on the public schools is well worth reading.

Essays in Slang.

In "People You Know" (R. H. Russell) Mr. George Ade provides us with a series of short essays written in what he calls the colloquial American language. The fact that they contain a large amount of slang will not deter many readers, for slang as employed by this writer is always effective and frequently picturesque. The book, as the author says in his preface, is made up of plain observations concerning people who live just around the corner. The reader is requested to bear in mind the fact that *only* the people who live around the corner are discussed—as Mr. Ade naturally has no desire to rub the wrong way any one who proves his true friendship by purchasing a copy.

The first of the dwellers round the corner here observed is the Periodical Souse. By the courtesy of the illustrator, we are enabled to look upon this gentleman as he presents himself in two widely differing aspects. In the first picture we see a thoughtful-looking person, with an intellectual brow and carefully brushed hair, sitting bolt upright in a straight-backed chair, with a book in his hands. This is when, as Mr. Ade expresses it, he is sitting on the water wagon and giving a correct imitation of the Shining Light who passes the Basket and superintends the Repairs on the Parsonage. He has drunk a little Polly with his dinner, has smoked one Perfecto and is "putting in a frolicsome Hour or so with the *North American Review*" before crawling into the Hay at 9:35 P. M. Picture No. 2 shows us the paragon after he has taken a tumble. He had grown tired of the straight and narrow path and had determined to buy himself a little present, costing about 15 cents. The artist shows him at the moment when he has evidently bought several presents for himself and for his friends, who are standing with him at the bar in what is described as a first-class place, where they had Electric Fans and Pictures by the Old Masters. Mr. Ade explains:

"It is an Historical Fact that when a Man falls backward from the Water Wagon he always lands in a Crowd. The Full Stage Setting, the Light Effects and the Red Fire were all ready to make it a Spectacular Affair. Just after he had moved away No. 2 and had stopped worrying about the Winter's Coal, he began to meet Friends who were dying of Thirst. Then the atmosphere began to be crowded with High Balls and Plymouth Sours and Mint Smashes, and he was telling a Shoe Drummer that a lot of People who had been knocking him would probably be working for him before the Year was out."

Still later we are permitted to observe the Periodical One in the cold light of the morning after. "'Not any more in mine,' he said, as he held a towel under the Faucet. 'Not for all of Morgan's would I look at any more of that Essence of Trouble. I wonder if I'll live through the morning.' * * * On the second Day he could look at Solid Food without having a Spasm. His Hair stopped pulling, and he began to speak to the People he met."

It may be that many readers will have known a man of this sort just around the corner, and, if so, they will probably indorse the moral that Mr. Ade appends to this edifying little tale. "Life," he observes, "is a Series of Relapses and Recoveries."

Some Romance and a Little Religion.

Mr. Cyrus Townsend Brady tells some strange stories of life in the West in "The Bishop" (Harpers)—not the West of to-day, but of an earlier and apparently a more romantic age. "Here," as is stated in the preface, "are exhibited characters and situations which it is now difficult, and soon will be impossible, to duplicate. Times have indeed changed since the Bishop and his brethren worked together for good in the West—changed for the better. There is no longer a frontier. The cowboy is vanishing; the military posts on the prairie are abandoned—the army is in the Philippines in the Far East—the rude towns have become well-ordered cities, the desperado, the savage Indian, the gambling hell, like the court of Judge Lynch, have given place to law and order—civilization."

The Bishop whose adventures form the subject matter of these stories was a scholarly and earnest little man, with a simplicity of character and a ready tact that endeared him to the varied assemblage of Indians, cowboys, ranchers, soldiers and nondescripts that constituted his flock. It is recorded of him in the first of these stories that he induced the Governor of the Territory to get religion, and the cowboys acknowledged that that functionary had got it hard, while one of his political associates, on seeing him appear in church, was of the opinion that "it would be hard lines for the devil if he met the old man with that look on his face." In the story called "A Whirlwind Wooing" the Bishop officiated at a wedding that formed the sequel of a series of happenings that were at least unusual. Thomas Marvin and Henry Winthrop, as we are told in the opening sentence, were engaged in an altercation. And, as this is a somewhat strenuous story of the West, we are not surprised to find that in this instance altercation is a euphemism for shooting match. Each of these hardy frontiersmen loved Alice

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UNCLE SAM SUES A COOK.

He Imported Hindoos for His Restaurant, It's Alleged—Penalty $1,000 Each.

An action was begun in the United States Circuit Court yesterday by the Government against Roland R. Conklin, Stanley Conklin and Joe Ranji Smile, the last of whom once called himself a Hindoo Prince and who is really a cook. It is charged that they violated the Contract Labor law in bringing fifteen Hindoos here to work for them in a restaurant at 325 Fifth avenue. The Government seeks to recover a penalty of $1,000 in each case.